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A ROUMANIAN DIARY

BY LADY KENNARD

[The following extracts from Lady Kennard's diary and letters which are to be published shortly in book form in this country present a vivid picture of Roumania's entrance into and participation in the war. Lady Kennard is the daughter of the British Minister to Roumania.]

August, 1916.—War is really coming. Our street to-day looks quite martial; there is a remount office at the end of it, and streams of men go in and out there all the time. We have been warned that all the telegraph wires to Austria-Hungary will be cut tomorrow. Of this the enemy envoys, apparently, know nothing. There is to be a Crown Council tomorrow night to deal with final private affairs, though it is hoped that the Germans will regard it as the terrified result of a haughty ultimatum which they sent Roumania this week. The attack is planned for tomorrow. Things are getting exciting, but one still hesitates to credit that the moment has come at last.

It is said that our first taste of warfare will be an aerial bombardment. I have ordered water to be kept in all the bathtubs from today forward, and am having a tap connection provided between the garden hose and the pantry. All the blankets are piled in the front hall. Perhaps in this manner we can ensure a slight protection against fire.

The Roumanians are not over-confident. In fact, they don't expect to begin by winning. They say there will be reverses, losses near the Danube towns; this because the Russians have not yet arrived and may come rather late.

Later.—Hurrah! the die is cast. All the telephone wires have been cut, the enemy envoys are to be packed off this evening, and mobilization for active service begins at midnight. We have already been declared "under martial law." War will be declared in Vienna, a little bit late, by the Roumanian minister. I met the German minister here

walking towards his Legation this morning, and wanted to make a face at him. That is the way one feels.

Later.—Well! the passes are half taken, wounded are coming in, also prisoners. It is really war, and I am really in it!!!

Bucarest is quite calm. Orders have come round to extinguish all the lights in view of the Zeppelin raids which have actually begun. I had only one little green light burning in my house last night when the first one was signalled, and the police came and told me to put it out. I was so snubbed that I did not attempt a candle, and sat through the raid in the dark.

All the church bells rang wildly when the signal came through, and the guns were infernal, popping like mad. I counted twelve searchlights and tried to believe in the actuality of the happening, but honestly, if I had not hurt myself by bumping into a tin trunk in the dark, I should feel today as if I had dreamt the whole thing. One thing, however, struck me forcibly, and will remain as a humorous recollection until I die: in this quiet town, lying peacefully under a starlit heaven with no sound of traffic to spoil the silence, the sound that deafened us was not the shooting, but the dogs!!

September, 1916.—All is still safe and quiet; so far we have not even had food difficulties. Zepps crossed the Danube last night and were signalled here, but there was too much wind for them, presumably, for they never arrived.

I have fallen into regular hospital routine, and have been given charge of one of the pavilions into which our own institution is divided.

Everybody is in the highest spirits; the Roumanian advance is almost brilliant, and one can hardly credit the *communiqués* that come in, they are so splendid.

Later.—It has been a wild twenty-four hours! Today, at three o'clock on a sunny afternoon, I drove back to my hospital. In the open market-place, which is the half-way house, I noticed all the people looking up and gesticulating, and then for half an hour I was really in the war, for there were six Taubes overhead all dropping bombs.

As we neared the hospital shrapnel began to fall. The bombs, of course, fell all round. I picked up one man wounded and unconscious and took him on with me in the car. A woman was killed at the gate of the hospital and

one man died on the doorstep. There are barracks just near by, and all the soldiers got out of hand and fired their rifles madly in all directions. Two men wounded by their own comrades were carried in to us afterwards. We settled down to work, and had three operations between four and seven. Just as we were preparing to go home stretchers began to come in from different parts of the town where bombs had fallen. I wired home not to expect me till they saw me, and we worked on till 9:30, when all the operations were over. The wounded were all over the town, and all the other hospitals filled up too. The casualties were thirty dead and over a hundred wounded, for the streets were crowded when the Taubes came. The beasts flew round and round, thus hardly a quarter of the town escaped. All our airmen had gone to the front. I suspect spies of having informed the enemy; there was nothing to stop them and they did just what they liked. They flew very, very low, and I saw the pilot's face in one quite plainly as he turned. I got home to find that five large pieces of shrapnel had fallen in the garden. Apparently the confusion in the town whilst the actual raid was going on was terrific. The troops lost their heads and fired quite aimlessly, killing men and women before they could be stopped.

One couldn't be excited in the hospital, there was no time. If a doctor is cutting off things and calls out "*pansement*" or "*aquæ lacta*" like a pistol-shot at you, you somehow find it even if you don't know what it is. One just works without the faintest understanding of what one is doing. After it was all over we collapsed, and sat in the model hospital kitchen with a petrol cooking-lamp for our only light (the electric light had been turned off at the main and we operated by candle illumination only), and drank hot tea and Zwicka and tried to recover. . . .

On the way home I drove past a house where live some friends of mine. They had a most wonderful escape in the night; fortunately all were alive, no one knows why. Three bombs must have hit their house, which was all dropping to bits, and all the windows were blown into the rooms, and one wooden bed looked like a sort of fancy pincushion as a result. Every single thing except the four people who lived there were shattered, a huge hole gaped in each bedroom, and there were apertures in the walls made by bits of the pavement forced in from outside.

It had ceased to be surprising this afternoon when those devils flew back to us again just after we had got to the hospital after lunch and were well started on an operation! But this time we nearly had a panic with the wounded. I stayed on in the ward with the helpless cases, for they said: "If you will stay with us, we are not afraid." The lightly wounded were sent to the cellar.

As I write it is about 6:30, and, according to the time the Taubes take to reload, they should be back by seven. I worked out the ethics of one's feelings towards them today at lunch and came to the conclusion that: (1) if one is killed one does not mind; (2) if one is wounded one only minds for a time; and (3) if one is neither one minds less. But something from outside should be done to help us, for this has become a bombarded town and is defenceless. Our own aeroplanes are needed at the front, but some French aviators are expected today, which will make us feel a little safer. The hospital, standing as it does in the center of a military quarter, is an objective for the raids, and I must honestly confess that I don't like going back there a bit. But we now have a dozen really serious cases which require hard nursing, and one knows that if one did not go perhaps no one else would. . . .

It is all so wonderful to me! To see the big muscles cut away and through, to see a horrible wound grow daily less painful instead of a life lost through gangrene. A man pumping blood three days ago from a main artery is today eating heartily and getting well. Contrary to all existing regulations, I have procured permission to give hot tea and a cigarette after the operations when the men ask for it themselves and no active injury can result. It saves their *morale* and quiets their nerves. They have the wonderful recuperative power of undeveloped nervous systems, and many can stand almost anything without anæsthetics.

Curious! A month ago I felt faint when I saw blood or smelt a nasty smell. . . .

Later.—I went round to the hospital to find that a patient had been killed in his bed in pavilion number three. The men there are clamoring to be moved, and if this sort of thing goes on the whole place will have to be evacuated, though there is no alternative site where greater safety can be provided. But a panic would be fatal. It would spread to the town and bring about a rush for the trains.

October, 1916.—I have not had the heart to keep this diary for the last few weeks, the situation has so completely changed. Our air-raid excitements (which, by the way, have completely stopped) seem to have faded into absolute insignificance and into a very distant past when one still had a sense of humor.

But it was all too true. The Germans were just—waiting. Waiting their own time, and that time came. We hardly know ourselves what has happened or how far and fast our army has retreated, but we know that things are very serious from the complete absence of reliable news.

We are told that French and British officers are coming. They may save us yet, but they must come soon. Some of the Roumanians were splendid. These are the peasant sons of peasant warriors who fought and won through in the days when war was war, not massacre. They are uncivilized enough to remember the fighting science taught them in folk-songs: "Strike—strike hard!"

The arrival of a French command may still save the capital, but one doubts it, for the passes are obviously falling in with incredible rapidity, and the wounded are coming in in hundreds.

We now have thirty-five cases in each of our wards, planned to hold fifteen. They are packed like herrings, poor wretches, and lying two in a bed. We keep one room for gangrene cases; but what is one room? And there is no real operating-hall. Still one does the best one can. And the doctor is a hero. . . .

We all had champagne tonight for dinner. Stocks are low, but if the Germans are really invading us—well, we certainly don't intend to leave anything worth having. We had a great discussion as to the rival merits of flight in a possible train or in our own visible motor. And we voted against the motor, for we shall have two hundred miles at least to travel, and the motor is weak. It is possible that spies may blow up the only railway line when the last moment comes. A Roumanian general came to tea and said: "We shall leave by night." I said: "Where to?" He answered: "God knows!"—which was encouraging!

We are assured that if the army can hold the remaining passes for a fortnight, we shall be all right, for by that time Russian reinforcements will have arrived, also the French officers. But then we are told such a lot—that the

Germans are already here, for instance. Anyway, the net result of this scare is quite unnecessary discomfort. If I pack as I am urged to do, why, then I want to start. To pack and stay is silly.

At present preparations are in full swing to expedite us in two days' time, at dead of night, in a darkened train, so as to fool German aeroplanes, who are certain to follow the train and bomb it. The banks are packing, and, as far as I can judge, that train will contain seething crowds of humans, innumerable tea-baskets, and millions of money, besides the Government officials. They are now planning to pick us up in a round of motor-lorry loads, luggage included, at 1 A. M. It will be a sort of modern Noah's Ark. If the Germans succeed in cutting the only railway line, we shall have to run their bombardment at Constanza and go off in a Russian man-of-war to Odessa. Whatever transpires, we shall not know until we have passed Ploesti where we are going; we start "destination unknown"—if we start. . . .

Later.—The news is bad again, and a second fiat has gone forth: we are to be deprived of our luggage, as evacuation is really imminent.

I have never spent an odder day. We packed jam and sugar and all available soap into every spare corner. We all frankly forgot our lunch until past two and then found nothing in the house, so went without. We were told that we had twelve hours to finish up in and that the boxes would be called for at midnight. Of all the many terrible packings that I have done on Eastern caravan journeys, this has been infinitely the worst. I know that I will wish that I had sent none of the things which now seem indispensable and that I will need all which I left behind. I have racked my brains to think of a place for three precious bottles of champagne, and have decided to stow them in a hold-all with the family eiderdowns. The linen-trunk is stuffed with jam—jam that came from England, and possibly the last that I shall ever eat. I get occasional attacks of maudlin sentiment over small possessions which I am obliged to leave; on the other hand, am abandoning articles of considerable value without a qualm. Not a bed has been made in the whole house, and, once the luggage has gone, we shall have to camp out on sofas.

I went to the kitchen to try and get a little tea, and

when I came back found a large party of friends with their servants, luggage and children in the drawing-room, asserting cheerfully that they had come as they thought "it would be nicer for us all to go together." I'm in the state of mind where I would say "Yes" to anything until the moment arrived when I said "NO," then, if the person argued, I would shoot it—I mean her—him. All the luggage is stacked in the drawing-room—train luggage, house luggage, friends' luggage, servants' luggage. It is pandemonium.

Now I am lying down waiting for tea. Every bone in my body, every nerve in my mind aches with excitement. Of the military situation the English papers could tell us more than we know ourselves, for we hear not one blessed thing. Except that the luggage goes tonight and we tomorrow—if only we knew where to!!

Besides, the only certain thing is that the luggage goes tonight. For all we know the plans may have changed by tomorrow, and we shall be sitting here without one single practical belonging in the world.

November, 1916.—Half my prophecy came true: we are still sitting quite solidly in Bucarest. Luckily, however, our luggage never left us, for the panic quieted with incredible rapidity and we were told that all danger was over. The Germans were repulsed at the frontier during the days that we got no news and have not advanced since. The French General Staff has arrived and installed itself in a manner which gives us confidence most disproportionate to the small amount which reason tells us that it is humanly capable of accomplishing. A British aviator flew over in his aeroplane from Salonika, and this gives us the cheerful feeling that we are in touch with our own army. This despite the fact that a conquered Serbia lies between. The only direct consequence of the panic is that innumerable people seem to be lost, and the general mix-up is indescribable. I myself simply cannot understand why the Germans are not already here.

The youngest son of the Queen has died after terrible suffering. At such a moment it seems almost more than a woman should be asked to bear. Nevertheless his mother still works at the hospitals, and her soldiers love to see her.

Later.—The news is bad again, and the advancing Germans are reported to be in the plains and well over the Austrian frontier. Up to the present moment there are no

signs of panic, and it is possible now that there will not be another even if we do have to leave in a hurry. For the population has not only learnt a lesson during the first scare, but also it has had time to get used to the idea that the loss of a capital does not necessarily mean the loss of a country. I fancy that a great proportion of the society people who have nothing to do with the Court or with the Government will not attempt to leave the capital even if the Germans arrive. What would be the object? They are non-combatants and can do the Germans no possible harm, and it will serve the Roumanian cause better to leave every facility for those who have to go and "carry on" in whatever place they may finally land in, which place will be the less overcrowded for each individual who stays behind.

The warning has once again gone round to all who will have to leave when the moment comes for them to hold themselves in readiness for an immediate start, and I believe that, at the slightest further enemy advance, we shall really be off at last. The Queen has sent her children to the country, where they are supposed to be out of the immediate danger of air raids. She herself intends to remain here until the last minute, and is wonderfully plucky and calm.

Later.—Quite an excitement!!! All the whistles are blowing madly and all the bells are ringing. This heralds another big raid. I wonder if it will really come off; we have not had a serious one for weeks, and one has begun to mistrust all these warnings which so often culminate in nothing.

Yes, here they come. The big new guns do make a noise compared to the miserable little pops we used to hear. *Blasé* as I have grown, this is unusually thrilling, and I am going out to see what is happening.

Later.—Well, that was the worst attack we have ever had. It lasted well over an hour. Bombs fell near the Bank and the Post Office; and, of course, in the vicinity of every hospital. The town dies away nowadays at the first alarm, the streets empty as if by magic, consequently few people are killed. Apparently thirteen bombs exploded in the garden of the country house where the Royal children were sent last week, but nobody was hurt, although the house was hit. Even the fires which started were safely extinguished. It must have been a narrow escape, and proves how well informed are the Germans of all current events.

Now that the excitement is over, we have other and more important things to think about, for the order has come to start, and to start as soon as possible, for Jassy.

December, 1916, JASSY.—Well, we have reached Jassy, and have not yet recovered from the surprise of having actually got somewhere and being able to sit down.

This country town which has so suddenly been called upon to turn into a capital is by no means fitted for the part. Situated as it is close to the big oil-fields, it was already overcrowded before the war broke out, and the builders have been trying vainly for the last two years to keep pace with the steadily growing importance of the place. It is exactly like seeing a country bumpkin dressed up in evening clothes as one finds them parodied on the musical comedy stage. Stone palaces built in modern Russian style brush the mud walls of peasant huts. The streets straggle about without aim or object and lead nowhere; there are hardly any shops. There is, or rather was, one restaurant near the station. I say *was*, because there will soon be nothing left of it. People literally besiege its doors, and the walls shake from the influx of the crowd.

I believe that the Court got here this morning, but has not been seen. One presumes that the Royal Family at least will be given a roof to cover it. I tremble to think what would have happened to us had not these dear people taken pity on our plight. Dozens of our fellow-travelers are still wandering forlornly about in a despairing search for rooms. Our arrival was totally unexpected, as Jassy had been without news from the capital for two days. No one knows what is happening in Bucarest, or how near the Germans are, or whether those left behind will still have time to get away.

I possess two boxes of English soap, which have to be guarded as if they contained the Crown Jewels. We allow ourselves a soap wash once a day, and even then the cake dwindles visibly. We have not had a bath since we started, and see no prospect of ever having another. The men decided to visit the public baths which exist, it appears, in the town, but one of the newly arrived English doctors flew round on a bicycle warning them each in turn not to go because there was an epidemic of mange amongst the poor who patronized the establishments. Nice place, Jassy! And we have got to live here now until the war is over!

Later.—The situation, from a state of things chaotic, but directly traceable, has become completely and absolutely obscure. An ominous silence broods over us, not a telegram has come through for a week, and we are in the blackest ignorance of everything except Jassy. I have unpacked nothing. For all that we know, the Germans may be advancing upon us rapidly.

As far as any news is concerned, we hear only the fantastic stories told by arriving refugees. And most of them are disinclined to talk of anything but their own immediate physical discomfort and fright. The only thing that we definitely know is that the Germans are in Bucarest!

I had not thought that we could possibly enter into a new phase of horror, but it was born on Boxing Day, when the first whispers reached us of the destruction of the oil-fields. Frankly, we had, each and every one of us, completely forgotten the oil! A man, a friend of ours, drove up in a motor, streaked with grime, weary and dead to the world. After lunch he started to tell his story, fortified by a big cigar.

He had been one of a party who went out alone to the petrol city to destroy. No one would give them help, and he told us wonderful accounts of the scenes which he had witnessed. The first step had been to capture every single man and boy who knew anything about the petrol plants and deport them bodily to Moldavia, so that the Germans should find no skilled workmen to brutalize to their own profit. And then a few pairs of hands sufficed to crumble and lay in ashes what many hundreds of brains had worked to build. First they broke up all the machinery—the how of the happening is immaterial; the most primitive and brutal weapons served them best. Then they poured benzine from the roofs of factories down their walls and set them alight, they dug trenches round the vats and started blazing channels of flame towards the reservoirs. These blew up each in turn, and soot and fumes made of what had been sunlight an eternal night where the Fire King went mad. Town by town saw the destroyers come to let hell loose, and factory after factory writhed in a death agony of twisted iron to send jets of poison fumes after the four small flying motor-cars. The devastation left by a retreating army lay before them, turmoil of an enemy drunk with success stirred in the wind-gusts that fed the flames from the south. Twice

did the destroyers miscalculate the time at their disposal, and they were badly hurried in one place. The enemy arrived sooner than was expected, and there was no time to dig the trenches—just one little match sufficed to start a burning inundation from unskilfully burst vats. Some one shouted, "*Run!*" just before the explosions began.

The man who told us the story ended each sentence with the words: "It was the fact that it was daylight—and nevertheless dark—which made everything so much worse."

One can hardly credit the fact that those few little men have so effectually accomplished what they set out to do that it will be six months before the Germans can squeeze a drop of petrol from the saturated earth, and yet that is what they affirm so quietly that one can but accept the statement—and be grateful. We are told today that a German wireless message has been intercepted from Berlin which sends the conquerors orders to send at once to Germany all the petrol that they can manage to expedite. And this has reconciled us to the despair which imagination taught us to catch in the evening breeze tonight when we motored back a little way with the teller of the story along the road that he had traveled.

It is part of the general contradiction of things that this destruction of the oil-fields, which is the most important happening of our corner of the war, should remain the one which has, locally, at least, made the smallest stir.

Later.—We have suddenly realized today that we have got back to the frame of mind in which we spent our last weeks in Bucarest. And this is discouraging. In other words, we are back in a sort of *cul-de-sac* which has, nevertheless, one small outlet, wofully inadequate, in the shape of that blessed single line to Russia. According to all the various contradictory information we get, the Germans are not going to sit still and are moving forward rapidly.

The only defense that lies between us and them is the famous Sereth line, which the Roumanians and Russians alike believe to be impregnable. But one cannot tell if it is going to hold until it has been tested—and if it is tested and gives way—why, they will be here. That's all!!

January, 1917.—Letters from England arrived on New Year's Day, and have done much towards restoring us to a normal state of British phlegm. I must honestly confess that these letters, written just at the moment of our worst

plight when we were flying from Bucarest with all known things unpleasant, and all things unknown subject for serious dread, seem to show an apparent indifference to our possible sufferings which has brought acute annoyance to us. I think that one amongst fifteen newspapers mentioned Roumania—just that and no more. It made us all rather angry at first to realize that we must appear so utterly unimportant, but afterwards we lost ourselves to all actuality in reading the stories of fighting in France. People at home are “in a war.” Here we can only produce a *mêlée*.

The situation grows daily more complicated and there is every element of trouble. There is some friction between the Roumanians and the Russians on every possible point, from fighting policy to military etiquette. The last question, which has bubbled over, is the one as to which of the two nationalities is to run the hospitals, the few there are. The Russians say that, as they have taken over the whole of the front lines and allowed the Roumanian army to retire for a well-earned spell of rest, there will be no Roumanian wounded, and they want all the hospitals emptied of their Roumanian staffs and turned over, together with all available supplies, to the Russian Red Cross. The Roumanians, one and all, are naturally wild at the idea and definitely decline to comply.

Meanwhile we have even been allowed to receive reliable news from Bucarest. The German administration is apparently allowing individuals to leave for Jassy without the formality of a passport. This is such a surprising fact that we credit them with all sorts of evil and mysterious motives for what is probably only an oversight soon to be rectified. The fact remains that a Roumanian officer arrived in Jassy today after spending three days in Bucarest wearing mufti quite unmolested. Apparently he just got on his bicycle when he was bored and rode away from the town!

He tells us that the new king is proclaimed and that all is quiet and well ordered. A small army of pro-Germans—we have known them well by name and sight for over a year—met the German General Staff at the gates of the city, and tendered bouquets. It is hard not to be instantly furnished with an obvious adjective, but it is only fair to insist upon the fact that individuals who hold systematically to one idea and to one party cannot be termed traitors for the simple reason that the party may not be one's own.

My doctor arrived from Roman, distant an hour's normal train journey. It took him twelve, hanging on to an engine together with fifty other men. Some dropped off quite quietly into the snow-drifts when they grew tired. On every skyline, he added, and in every valley, they saw horses with broken legs, left to die, turning and turning in endless circles of pain, and he heard them screaming despite the uproar of machinery which drowned most hearing.

In our English hospital there is a man who has had his foot amputated. He lay pinned under a burning car. A hatchet was brought by a doctor to a French officer standing near, and the doctor said: "Do it if you can; I have no instruments and feel paralyzed." The Frenchman did the thing in the whole horror of the sunlight, whilst the Russian privates who were his charge took advantage of the opportunity and pillaged private passenger luggage on the train!

Later.—I think that it can be definitely assumed now that all danger of our being obliged to leave Jassy in the immediate future is over. Russians and Roumanians alike are standing on the Sereth, and the Germans do not seem to be particularly anxious to cross. A little success does much to restore balance, and we have already voiced the somewhat ambitious dream of seeing the enemy driven back in the spring. I ask for only one reward for all that we are going through, and that to drive down behind them in my motor! It would be worth anything to go back like that—into our own house. . . .

But disease is coming, and that was a horror which we had forgotten. There is a terrible shortage of wood, and, in the absence of all other material, fire is the only reliable disinfectant. Lice overrun the hospitals and we are unable to combat them, for we have no serums and no disinfectants. Petrol, which might serve our purpose at a pinch, is also lacking now. The doctors are reduced to vinegar.

March, 1917.—The Russian *coup d'état* has come and the Government here is having some anxious moments. It is unlikely, however, that anything serious will transpire. The Royal Family is very popular and is faithfully served by the administration. All Russians, of course, are in a ferment, but it is reassuring to notice that they have not lost sight of the common ideals of the war.

Telegraphic news from America is palpitating, and brings the end of the war within sight, at any rate, of our

own generation. Unfortunately everything worth doing takes an immense amount of time in this world, and one cannot hope for things to begin to happen for a long time. It is rather discouraging that the crisis in Russia should have come to a head at this moment, speaking, naturally, from our own point of view, which is the only one that appears, through force of circumstances, important. The Roumanians and Russians were just learning to stand up to their three-legged race, and now all the knots have had to be loosened to give the latter a chance to stretch cramped knees. We had begun to talk of a big spring offensive, and now the only thing that is obvious is that waiting will be our indefinite lot.

Later.—The war situation has come to a complete standstill: it is hard to believe that anything more can ever happen here.

Seven hundred thousand Russians are said to be on our front, who could, undoubtedly, just sweep across the country, driving all before them, and lead us back into Bucarest. But their very numbers make them a difficult army to equip and feed. At present they lack munitions, fodder, guns and railways, so it all looks pretty hopeless, and one can but be thankful for them as a definite, solid buffer which will require a lot of moving. There are very few enemy divisions in front of them, and we are told that these consist principally of Turks and Bulgarians. It makes one rather ill to think how easy complete victory could be and how unlikely it is.

May, 1917.—We are told that we stand upon the brink of action. Certain it is that at no time since she entered the war has Roumania stood to the fight so well prepared as now. In retrospect, it is wonderful to realize all that has been accomplished despite inexperience and shortage of material. The word "starvation" makes us smile nowadays, for we are almost surfeited by the luxury of supplies brought by regular transport systems from Russia. Further, the whole undulating surroundings of Jassy are cloaked green with growing corn.

It has been interesting to discover what solace can be found in days of the most anxious uncertainty by contact with things young and care-free. All the English children were sent home months ago, and we miss their atmosphere so horribly that anything small and happy finds welcome

here. I have noticed that Roumanians who took but the most cursory interest in a nursery world before they went to war have become almost ostentatiously parental lately. The whole aspect of Jassy has lost the impression it used to give of having been a most ill-chosen picnic site where it had very lately and copiously rained. We can almost flatter ourselves that we live in a flourishing military center. French blue and gray and English khaki almost predominate about the streets now that the Russian units have moved into scattered canvas cities.

Needless to say, there is much that still remains to be done. The army no longer starves for the necessities, such as ammunition and sanitary supplies, but it hungers for delicacies and details. These will all come, in time, I suppose, just as the other and more immediate requirements came; but it would be a tragic mistake to launch forth again without them. The Roumanians, luckily, realize the danger of such action, and their leaders are too clever to stumble into the pitfall of foolhardiness which always lurks for those who have lately escaped from danger. But the army, as a whole, is straining to take the offensive, and it is so wonderful that the men should feel thus after all that they have suffered that it seems almost cruel to tie their hands. English and French officers alike agree that a capital fighting force has grown up, no one quite knows how, out of the demoralization of the last few months, and it is impossible to give a sufficiency of credit to the leaders who have built it up.

June, 1917.—I have been wondering whether any one would care to read this diary. Roumania is deserving of notice and appreciation. She has proved herself, and in the greatest manner which does not savor of ostentation. All that has been lately accomplished spells silent work and no small devotion to what has grown in this our century to be the greatest cause. Strangers who had knowledge and experience, who came to put machinery in motion, remain here, it is true. But they stay to work, and are no longer required to lead. The army trusts its officers, the nation appreciates its King. And we outsiders feel that we want to go home and tell the family of Allies that our little brother Roumania has grown into a man of whom we have reason to be very proud.